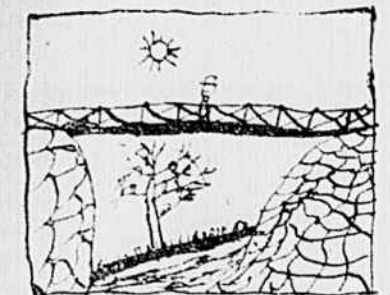
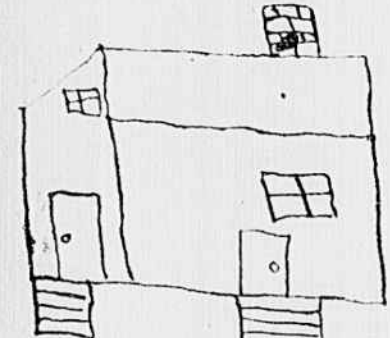




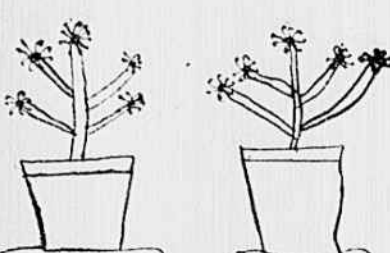
Drawn by Gladys Eastwood.



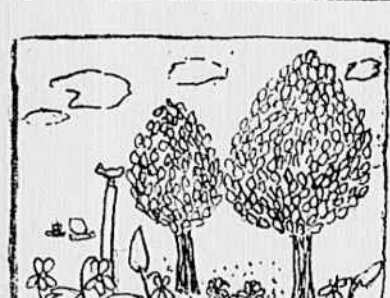
Drawn by Howard Radcliffe.



Drawn by Dick Ogburn.



Drawn by Teresa Critz.



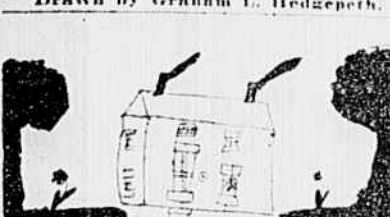
Drawn by Emily Blayton.



Drawn by Harold Goodman, Age three years.



Drawn by Graham L. Hedgcock.



Drawn by Lillian Andrews.



Drawn by P. G. Garg.



Drawn by Carlyle Welsiger.



Drawn by Samuel Garthright.

**Find Out About Shakespeare.**  
Dear Editor:—I am writing to you at last. I have been very sick with the measles. When I read the page this morning I just said I had to write to you. I am getting along very nicely. I looked at the headline and at the name. I could not quite make it out, but I thought it was from Curtis Elder. It looked to me like it was. He can draw him. I want to get acquainted with him. I wish the next time he sends any contributions, he would send his address. If the drawing was from him, I certainly congratulate him. Well, I am going to try and send something in every week. I am going to a dance this evening. I am sure I will have a good time. I am taking up too much time and room, so I will close. I remain, lovingly yours,  
JULIUS L. GREYHER.

P. S.—I do not know enough about Shakespeare, so will not compete in the contest. Please excuse me—J. L. G.

**Sign All Contributions.**  
Dear Editor:—I am sending in a puzzle, which I hope to see in print. I think the contest is fine, but I do not know anything about Shakespeare. I am reading some of his plays at school now. I am going to try and send something in every week. I am going to a dance this evening. I am sure I will have a good time. I am taking up too much time and room, so I will close. I remain, lovingly yours,  
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**Interesting Letter.**  
Dear Editor:—Every day I have thought I would write to you, but I have not. We always enjoy our page very much, and think you so often. I have spent lots of time making boats. I have a big navy now. One boat is a pretty big one. I could see them. Occasionally I go down to the creek on our place and on the water. They look so pretty. One is named Ace and the other Deuce, because one has one black spot on his back, and the other has two. They go with me into the woods to get pinetops, which I use for bedding for my Belgian hares. This is a fine day. I like summer better than winter, anyway. Much love for you, and good wishes for all our members, your true friend,  
EDWARD SIMONS.

**Dumbarton, Va.**  
P. S.—A little while ago we saw seven beautiful little partridges following each other across our back yard. They were walking one after the other, like ducks.—E. S.

**Such Sweet Violets.**  
Dear Editor:—I can't tell you how surprised and happy I was to see my heading on our page. You don't know how good it made me feel, and I want to thank you for it. Our contest was very fine, and Curtis Elder's drawing was certainly beautiful. When Edward and I play, I often keep a store. All winter we had our store indoors, but to-day was so pretty we played outside, and I made lots of mud pies, mud puddles, croquettes and rocks, and baked them in the sun on a plank. We had lots of fun. Our fruit trees are in bloom, and look very pretty. I enclose some drawings, which I hope you will be able to put on our page. Lots and lots of love for you and our members, lovingly,  
HELEN C. SIMONS.

**Dumbarton, Va.**  
**Enjoy the Page.**  
Dear Editor:—I have received my pin, and I thank you very much for it. I am sending a drawing I would like to see in the Sunday paper. I certainly enjoy reading the Sunday paper. Well, I must close. Your true member,  
TERESA CRITZ.

**Highland Park, Richmond, Va.**

**So Glad You Like It.**  
Dear Editor:—I have not written to the T. D. C. C. for a week or two, and I thought I would write a few lines. I have just finished reading about the Shakespeare contest, and it is a fine thing. When is it to be? I have just started in history and grammar. I don't think I will like history much, but I like grammar. It is so easy. I am going to send some of my school compositions for the T. D. C. C. I did not see the name of the prize winners, but I heard, rather saw, in the T. D. C. C. that Curtis Elder was one of the prize winners. I wonder what he has become of. I heard that he was a little girl up here that wants to join the T. D. C. C. Her name is Sarah Smith. I hope you send me a new pin as I lost mine not long ago. My birthday is May 6. Not long off, is it? I was up to see Earl on Saturday. He was very nice. We went down to see grandmother while we were there. We had a fine time playing with Fritz, the dog, and helping milk the cows. We went to a flower show a day or two ago, and found some trailing arbutus. It was perfect. I hope you ever see snow in April before? It snowed real hard up here Saturday. I must close now, as my letter is getting right long. Your loving member,  
KATHLEEN BOLTON.

**Wingina, Nelson County, Va.**  
**Write on One Side of Sheet Only.**  
Dear Editor:—I am sending in another story, which I hope to find in print. I was so glad to see my pin at home last Friday when I returned from school. Yours sincerely,  
BERKELEY DAVIS.

**Sympathy for Member.**  
Dear Editor:—I received the T. D. C. C. badge, and I thank you very much for it. I shall try to send a story next week. I was very sorry to learn that Leroy Cary got hurt, but I certainly do hope he will soon be well. I sent him a card. I am your new member,  
IDA E. WILLIAMS.

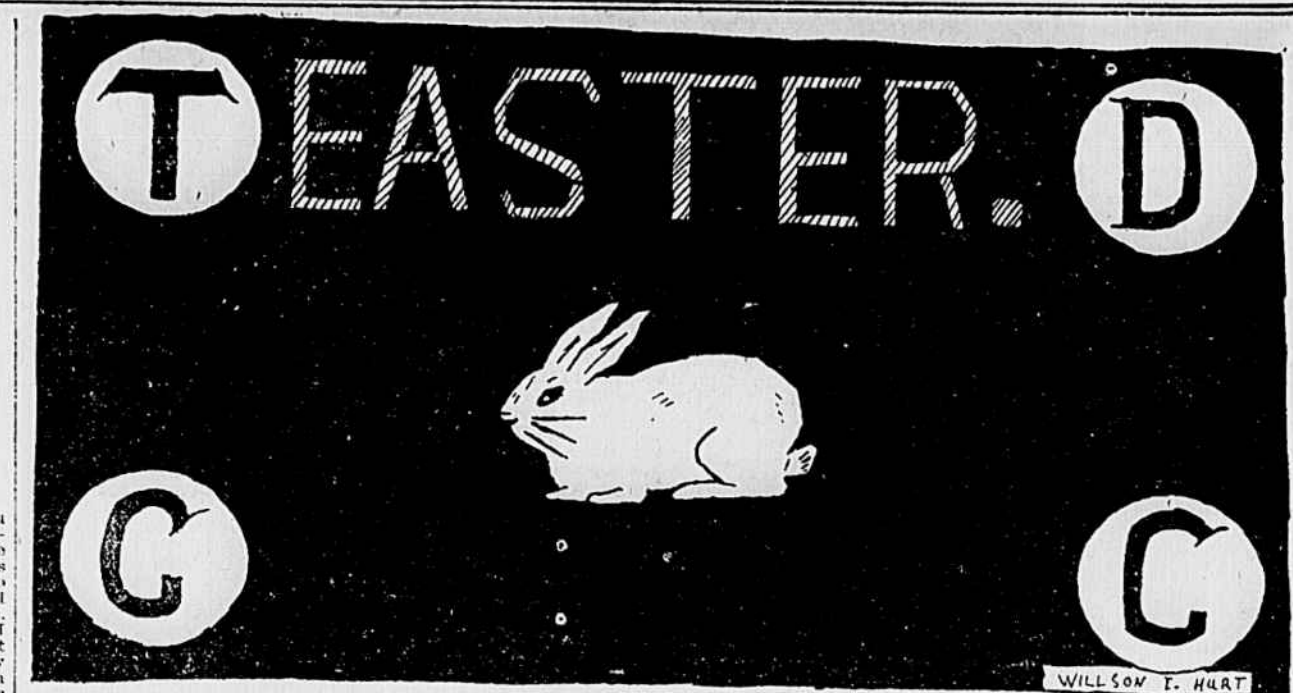
**Welcome Back Again.**  
Dear Editor:—I am again going to contribute to T. D. C. C. I don't know what was "cut" on me to make me stop, but anyhow, I am going to begin again. I enclosed you will find a little drawing, which I hope will not come in contact with the waste-basket. Your old member,  
CABELL B. PHILLIPS.

**Likes Subject for Contest.**  
Dear Editor:—Believe me, but it was a grand surprise as well as pleasant when you stated in your letter Sunday that we were to have another contest. I think that is just fine, and such a dandy subject, too. That makes two in just a little while. Take it from me, but did any one ever see a cub or children's face enlarge and progress as ours has? If they have, I've got to say it is that it must be some club to equal ours. Is it a go? I'm enclosing a drawing for Easter, and would surely like to see it printed. By the way, editor, what time must our contributions for the contest be at your office? As I believe in correspondence, I thought I had better find out in time. May our tribute in honor of Shakespeare be a success. I am, lovingly,  
MARJORIE HOLMES WILLIAMS.

**It Is "Avon, Nelson County, Va."**  
Dear Editor:—I am very much interested in our new contest (Shakespeare). I saw in our page Sunday some bread labels to the one asking me. I would be very thankful to you if you would write her and ask her for me, as her address was not written in the page. I do not mind corresponding with the members if I knew their address. I would like very much to get the labels, and wish that some of the other members would save them for me, as I am going in the contest. Please, Editor, send to her and ask her for me. I will do a favor for you some day. I was successful in being on the

**Roll of Honor.**—Both February and March. My teacher is Miss Blackburn, at Madison School. She is very sweet. Editor, do you mind if we should visit you some day, and coming to see you some time. I am, Curtis Elder, a grown boy? If so, I never knew grown boys or girls belonged to the club. I am sending congratulations to him and her (boy or girl), and many thanks to Marjorie Williams for offering those labels. Will hope to see this letter in print, and send to her as soon as possible for the labels. I am your affectionate member,  
CURTIS ELDER.

**Richmond, Va.**



## Editorial and Literary Department

**THE IDEAL DEMOCRAT.**  
The ideal Democrat, Thomas Jefferson, was born April 13, 1743, on the estate where he lived and died. It was in the end called Monticello, and lies on the waters of the Roanoke. He went to an English school at five, and to Greek, Latin and French at nine. His father died when Thomas was fourteen, bequeathing to Thomas Jefferson the Roanoke River estate.

After two years of preparation with Rev. Maury the pupil entered William and Mary College, where he studied for two years. Here is a day's program of study drawn up and recommended by him: Before 8 A. M., physical studies; 8 to 12, law; 12 to 1, politics, afternoon, history; "dark to bedtime," literature, oratory, etc.

He was, and continued through life, frank, earnest, cordial and sympathetic in his manner, full of confidence in men and sanguine in his views of life. On the 1st of January, 1772, he was married to Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, then twenty-three years old.

In May, 1776, Thomas traveled to Philadelphia. He carried instructions that the Virginia delegates should that Congress declare "the United Colonies free and independent States."

The debates took up the greater parts of the second, third and fourth days of July, and on the evening of the last closed. The declaration was reported by committee, agreed to by Virginia and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson.

Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States in 1801, and served two terms, to 1809. His health broke rapidly in the winter of 1826, his eighty-third year. He died on July 4, 1826, the anniversary of the signing of the original draft of the Declaration of Independence for posterity.

He expressed a desire as he grew feeble with old age to survive till the 4th of July, and the friends around his dying bed awaited the dawn of that day. His wish was gratified, but he had sunk low, and expired at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, preceding John Adams but a few hours in his exit from the stage of human events, which they had both greatly distinguished.

**A POOR GIRL.**  
Once there was a girl and her name was Frances. She was very poor. Her father was dead, but her mother was living. She worked in a drygoods store. She just got \$2 a week. Her mother was sick all the time and she had to work very hard for their living. One day she was crossing the street and an automobile ran over her. They carried her home and called in the doctor, for she was badly hurt. The doctor said she would not recover. She died and was buried. And a little while after her mother died of not having enough food.

**THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS PONY.**  
Once upon a time a little boy named John lived on a big farm. John had to him one day: "John, your father said last night that we were going away, and that you have to sell your pony." John was very sad that day, for he loved his pony very much. He went to the stable to pat his pony. That night he went to his father and said: "Father, can't I keep my pony in any way?" "Yes," said father, "but you must work very hard." "How can I save him? how can I save him?" till the day comes to start." "What can I do?" "You must look after your pony and look after my sheep, and that will be all, except you must look after them well." "Oh, I will work with all my heart," cried John. And he worked with all his might, and so he saved his pony.

**A HERO.**  
One day late in spring, Mary asked her mother could she go to the creek and wade in it. Her mother said, "Yes, but don't stay long." So she went wading in the water and slipped up. Her mother saw her fall in the water. He ran to her and got her out safe. When Rover's master came home he gave Rover a fine supper.

**THE FATE OF THE DISH BOAT.**  
The dish boat sailed in the harbor with men, women, children in glee. They carried knives, the women forks. And the children were spoons, you see. They all fell into the water— I tried their lives to save. They kept swimming 'round, oh, so naughtily. That I wished they would behave.

**THE MAIDEN.**  
Afar off in Kentucky, Where the pretty blue grass grows, Lives a fair young maiden With wavy hair as sweet as a rose. She once had lived in Virginia, The Old Dominion State, And there she had played and played, And had many a little playmate.

**A LITTLE BOY THAT WENT PEDDLING.**  
"My uncle has made money peddling, and I can, too," said little Tom Jackson. "Oh, no," said his mother. "Well, I could try then," said Tom. "Well you can try," said his mother. The evening Tom went to the store and bought fancy pins, books, bluing, paper, pencils, pens, ink, post cards, etc.

**SPRING IS NEAR.**  
Listen my children and you shall hear: The birds are whispering that spring is near. And all the flowers begin to show, And help us drive away the snow.

**A LION AND A DOG.**  
Once there was an old lion who lived in a den in a deep forest. One day a dog came running by. The lion saw him and said, "Will you go with me to find something to eat. I am very hungry." The dog said, "I am afraid you may take me for your dinner if I go with you." "No," said the lion, "I will not trouble you if you will get me something to eat." "I don't know what you want for your dinner," said the dog. "Come here, or I shall eat you." Just then the lion gave a leap and landed near the poor dog. He jerked the dog up by the ear and killed him. Then he went back home.

**THOMAS JEFFERSON—1743-1826.**

**A HAPPY EASTER!**  
My Dear Girls and Boys: To-day is Easter Sunday and I do hope that it will be a wonderful, happy day for each and every one of you. We have a beautiful spring page, as you see, with spring and Easter drawings and stories, and I am very proud of it. Now, about our Shakespeare Contest. Everything intended for that page must be marked "For the Contest," and be in this office not later than Monday, May 8. It is anything that you may have read or heard about William Shakespeare, the story of any of his plays, about his life or family, what people did and thought in his time, rewritten in your own words. Nothing copied from a book or encyclopedia will be accepted; no traced drawings will be accepted. You may look at a picture and draw it first in pencil, going over it later with ink, but do not trace anything for your page, for it is not honorable nor fair. Now let some of our old members draw us a fine heading for this page, and I know some one will write us a poem or so about this poet. If you know of any particular celebration in honor of Shakespeare, write about that; if you have a drawing, ask you to write a composition about it, send that, only let whatever you send be your own work.

**PRIZE WINNERS OF THE WEEK.**  
Marion B. Morton, of Clarksville, Va., Box 147.  
Charlotte K. Anderson, of Roseland, Va.  
Thomas Rutherford, of Rock Castle, Va.

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**Puzzle Department**  
**BOYS' NAMES IN FIGURES.**  
(1) 6, 18, 1, 11, 12, 9, 14.  
(2) 18, 9, 3, 8, 1, 18, 4.  
(3) 3, 1, 12, 2, 18, 4.  
(4) 18, 2, 12, 18, 5, 12.  
(5) 1, 19, 2, 18, 26.  
(6) 23, 9, 12, 12, 9, 1, 13.  
(7) 3, 8, 1, 18, 12, 9, 5.  
(Composed by Willie Lichtenstein.)

**JUMBLED NAMES OF FLOWERS.**  
1. Ysnap.  
2. Stelolv.  
3. Enpelis.  
4. Elyad.  
5. Oseimrpr.  
6. Ullighnjo.  
7. Yhl.  
8. Oyrilnroim.  
9. Neumthasrych.  
10. Cinhytah.  
GLADYS HOUGHINS,  
West View, Va.

**WHO IS THIS MAN?**  
He was born in Staunton, Va., and was well educated. He was professor of Bryn Mawr College, president of Princeton University and Governor of New Jersey. The last we know of him, he was President of the United States. Who knows him?  
Yours truly,  
JANETTE OSBORNE.

**JUMBLED NAMES OF BIRDS.**  
Rbion.  
Leub Yja.  
Srrpaw.  
Balke Bnd.  
Cwor.  
Wold Pkecer.  
THOMAS RUTHERFORD.

**A LETTER TO THE EDITOR IN FIGURES.**  
16, 5, 20, 5, 18, 12, 2, 21, 18, 7, 22, 1.  
1, 16, 18, 9, 12.  
4, 5, 1, 18, 5, 4, 9, 20, 15, 18, 1, 13, 23.  
18, 9, 20, 5, 14, 7, 25, 16, 21, 3, 12, 5, 20.  
20, 5, 18, 9, 14, 6, 7, 21, 18, 5, 19, 9.  
1, 13, 18, 15, 9, 14, 9, 1, 13, 13, 20, 1, 11, 9, 14, 7, 20, 15, 13, 21, 3, 8, 18, 15, 15.  
13, 19, 15, 6, 23, 9, 12, 12, 3, 12, 15, 19, 5.  
25, 16, 21, 18, 13, 5, 13, 2, 5, 18.  
— 19, 20, 5, 12, 12, 1, 4, 1, 22, 9, 19.  
STELLA DAVIS

**NELLIE'S PARTY.**  
Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Nellie Jones. Nellie had a little playhouse in her back yard. She had inside of her house a doll, three chairs and a nice table. Around Nellie's house was a little garden. In it she had pansies, poppies and all kinds of spring flowers.

One rainy day Nellie came in and said to her mother, Mrs. Jones: Mother, to-morrow may I have a little party? I will get some oranges and apples, cakes and candy. I will invite Mary Brown, Margaret Peasley and Virginia Cox. I know they will all come. So the next day all of the girls came to Nellie's party. It started at 1 o'clock and ended at 4 o'clock. When they were ready to go home, Mrs. Jones called them in the dining-room and gave them each a piece of Nellie's birthday cake. They thanked Mrs. Jones for the cake and said they had had a fine time. Nellie went to bed that night and dreamed she had a party every day.

All the next day Nellie was telling everybody of her party.  
VIRGINIA E. BURNS.

**A DANGEROUS GOAT.**  
Reginald had a goat that had not been used in a long time. One evening Billy was quietly grazing in the yard when Reginald and John came up and teased Billy. At this Billy, who was fastened by a rope ran fiercely toward Reginald and John and the latter made toward the gate. Howard was on the gate, and when he saw that Billy was coming he did not open the gate, as he knew Billy was tied to a rope, but the goat was coming so fast that the jerk against the rope made it break. Reginald and John were left there to face the goat.

John told Reginald to get behind him and he would not be hurt. The goat rammed John several times; then he placed his front feet on his chest and was about to horn him in the face. John took a good grip on the horns and flung Billy to the ground. John and Reginald then ran for the gate. Billy was on his feet again and was in fast pursuit. Reginald made to the gate with safety, but John's legs were caught by Billy and he was very fast when his legs were caught and he was thrown into the air and landed on the other side of the fence.

He was bruised somewhat, but got up and kept trying until he had gotten the goat into his stable.  
(Original.) MARION B. MORTON.

**THE STATE THAT EVERYONE KNOWS.**  
The best in all the Union,  
The best of all the States,  
And with Kentucky by the hand  
They start on life's little playmates.  
Composed by Emma W. Brown.

**A LITTLE BOY THAT WENT PEDDLING.**  
"My uncle has made money peddling, and I can, too," said little Tom Jackson. "Oh, no," said his mother. "Well, I could try then," said Tom. "Well you can try," said his mother. The evening Tom went to the store and bought fancy pins, books, bluing, paper, pencils, pens, ink, post cards, etc.

**SPRING IS NEAR.**  
Listen my children and you shall hear: The birds are whispering that spring is near. And all the flowers begin to show, And help us drive away the snow.

**A LION AND A DOG.**  
Once there was an old lion who lived in a den in a deep forest. One day a dog came running by. The lion saw him and said, "Will you go with me to find something to eat. I am very hungry." The dog said, "I am afraid you may take me for your dinner if I go with you." "No," said the lion, "I will not trouble you if you will get me something to eat." "I don't know what you want for your dinner," said the dog. "Come here, or I shall eat you." Just then the lion gave a leap and landed near the poor dog. He jerked the dog up by the ear and killed him. Then he went back home.

**THE FATE OF THE DISH BOAT.**  
The dish boat sailed in the harbor with men, women, children in glee. They carried knives, the women forks. And the children were spoons, you see. They all fell into the water— I tried their lives to save. They kept swimming 'round, oh, so naughtily. That I wished they would behave.

**THE MAIDEN.**  
Afar off in Kentucky, Where the pretty blue grass grows, Lives a fair young maiden With wavy